

something more than a mere semblance of regard for the common rights of man.

The Almighty made the seas, and from Him man seems to have inherent right of undisturbed access to, and use of them all. Mr. Wilson cannot force the strong to refrain from depriving the weak of lawful enjoyment of their inherent rights, but Christ can. And he is coming back to earth to enforce that sort of government over men. He may get here on the next train. Or rather on the next airship. "The darkest hour is just before day."

If the human race is determined to outlaw the liquor traffic, as now seems quite probable, Satan's power to enslave man must certainly be on the wane.

Berkley Springs, W. Va.

### "HE LEADETH ME."

By Thomas E. Cobbs.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want,  
To pastures green and waters still and sweet  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.

"He restoreth my soul" from sin's embrace  
For his name's sake; and to a throne of grace  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.

To guide me and from vexing fears release,  
"In the paths of righteousness" and of peace  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.

Yea; when walking through death's shadowed  
vales  
Rising fears flee, for with staff that ne'er fails  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.

To tables prepared with his blessing;  
To cups with happy content o'erflowing  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.

"He anointeth my head" and my bruised feet,  
And for healing balm to the Mercy seat  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.

Mercifully led up life's rugged hill;  
Now with feeble step, with age infirm, still  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.

In paths strewn with fragments of fleeting time,  
Onward, upward, to the abiding shrine  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.

With faith steadfast, with no doubt to contend,  
With hope brilliant, on to the journey's end  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.

To dwell forever in mansions above,  
With his saving care and his hand of love  
He leadeth me; He leadeth me.  
Martinsville, Va.

### HELP BRAZIL.

By Rev. J. T. Wade.

In the South country of Brazil,  
There beyond the Equator's line,  
On the low land and on the hill  
Many people in sin you'll find.

For no Mayflower touched on her shore,  
And no Plymouth Rock was her lot,  
And the men were not true to the core,  
Like our God-fearing men, they were not.

But adventurers were they, we're told,  
They were lustful and full of greed,  
But they have in their breasts a soul  
To be saved, and we them should lead.

Oh, think not that you're better than they,  
And that they have no call on you;  
For God's mercy to you is the way  
You, to God and to man, have proved true.

Pity them, then in their sin,  
In their lust, in their greed so steeped,  
And their way bid them now to amend,  
And God's word, in their hearts, to keep.

Bring for them your good gifts today,  
Bring in gifts for them, great and small,  
And, with prayer and with praise, let them  
lay

On the altar of him who calls.  
Cleveland, Tenn.

## Selections

### "THIS IS MY BELOVED, AND THIS IS MY FRIEND."—Cant. 5:16

"Lord, let me talk with thee of all I do,  
All that I care for, all I wish for, too,  
Lord, let me prove thy sympathy, thy power,  
Thy loving oversight from hour to hour!  
When I need counsel let me ask of thee.  
Whatever my perplexity may be,  
It cannot be too trivial to bring  
To one who marks the sparrow's drooping wing.  
Nor too terrestrial, since thou hast said,  
The very hairs are numbered on our head.  
Do money troubles press? Thou canst resolve  
The doubts or dangers such concerns involve.  
Are those I love the cause of anxious care?  
Thou canst unbind the burdens they may bear.  
Before the mysteries of thy word or will,  
Thy voice can gently bid my heart be still,  
Since all that now is hard to understand,  
Shall be unraveled in yon heavenly land.  
Or do I mourn the oft-besetting sin,  
The tempter's wiles, that mar the peace within?  
Present thyself, Lord, as the absolving Christ,  
To whom confessing, I go forth released.  
Do weakness, weariness, disease, invade  
This earthly house, which thou thyself hast made?  
Thou only, Lord, canst touch the hidden spring  
Of mischief, and attune the jarring string.  
Should I be taught what thou wouldst have me  
give,

The needs of those less favored to relieve?  
Thou canst so guide my hand that I shall be  
A liberal, "cheerful giver," Lord, for thee.  
Of my life's mission do I stand in doubt?  
Thou knowest, and canst clearly point it out.  
Whither I go, do thou thyself decide,  
And choose the friends and servants at my side;  
The books I read I would submit to thee,  
Let them refresh, instruct, and solace me.  
I would converse with thee from day to day,  
With heart intent on what thou hast to say;  
And through my pilgrim walk, what'er befall,  
Consult with thee, O Lord, about it all.  
Since thou art willing thus to condescend  
To be my intimate, familiar friend,  
Oh, let me to the great occasion rise,  
And count thy friendship life's most glorious prize!  
Amen."

### THE ANSWER.

The village had been through the excitement of a fire late that afternoon. It was not strange that the subject should be in the minds and on the lips of those who were out at prayer meeting in the evening. One good old man brought it up in his prayer.

"Oh, Lord," he petitioned, "be with all those in affliction this night. Bring comfort to the poor widow who lost her little all of worldly goods by fire this day, and raise up friends and helpers for her in her dire need."

He was scarcely through when another man stood up. "Friends," he said, "I believe the Lord has begun to answer that prayer already. He has reminded me that I have a good kitchen table that Martha and I can spare very well, and enough stuff in our cellar to furnish it with three square meals a day for Widow Brown for some time. I believe he will help the rest of you find chairs and a stove and firewood and bedding, and everything else she may need to start her in life again. How many feel the answer working out in their hearts?" And he sat down to make way for others equally ready to help in answering the prayer.

Someone says praying is expensive business, when it is done right. Rather, it leads to good investment—that lending to the Lord to help him answer prayer, which brings such returns in joy and fellowship with him as no worldly saving or spending can do.—Exchange.

### LINES.

"A homely face, with a heart of grace,  
Is better worth possessing  
Than outlines fair and a soul that ne'er  
Gives or receives a blessing."

### MOTHER'S LOVE.

"I once read the story of an angel who stole out of heaven and came to this world one bright, sunshiny day; roamed through field, forest, city and hamlet, and, as the sun went down, plumed his wings for the return. The angel said, 'Now that visit is over, I must gather some mementos of my trip. He saw the beautiful flowers in the garden, plucked the rarest roses, saying, 'I see nothing more beautiful and fragrant than these flowers.' The angel looked further and saw a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked child and said, 'That baby is prettier than the flowers; I will take that, too,' and, looking behind to the cradle, he saw a mother's love pouring out over her babe like a gushing spring, and the angel said, 'The mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen; I will take that, too.'

"And, with these three treasures, the heavenly messenger winged his flight. He looked at the flowers; they had withered. He looked at the baby's smile, and it had faded. He looked at the mother's love, and it shone in all its beauty. Then he threw away the withered flowers, cast aside the faded smile, and, with the mother's love pressed to his breast, swept through the gates into the city, shouting that the only thing he had found that would retain its fragrance from earth to heaven was a mother's love."—Rev. William A. Sunday.

### THE SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

There is a story of a young woman who was spending the day with a party of friends in the country, rambling through the woods and among the hills. Early in the morning she picked up a branch of sweetbrier and put it in her bosom. She soon forgot that it was there, but all day long, wherever she went, she smelled the spicy fragrance, wondering whence it came. On every woodland path she found the same odor, though no sweetbrier was growing there. On bare fields and rocky knolls and in deep gorges, as the party strolled about the air seemed laden with the sweet smell. The other members of the party had their handfuls of all sort of wild flowers, but the one fragrance that filled the air for her was sweetbrier. As the party went home on the boat she thought, "Some one must have a bouquet of sweetbrier," not dreaming that it was she who had it.

Late at night, when she went to her room, there was the handful of sweetbrier tucked away in her dress, where she had put it in the morning and where unconsciously she had carried it all day. "How good it would be," she said to herself, as she closed her eyes, "if I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast that every one I met should seem lovely!"

The incident suggests the secret of a beautiful Christian life. We can not find sweetness on every path our feet must press, in every place we are required to go. Sometimes we must be among uncongenial people, people whose lives are not gentle, who are unloving in disposition, with whom it is not easy to live cordially in close relations. Sometimes we must come into circumstances which do not minister to our comfort, in which we do not find joy, gladness, encouragement. The only way to be sure of making all our course in life a path of sweetness is to carry the sweetness in our own life.—J. R. Miller.

We may not climb the dizzy height  
That towers far above us;  
But all may make the wayside bright  
For those around who love us.